A *BOB* for the Court; Or, Prince *EUGENE*'s Welcome.

2. Jan. 1711/12

No. 82

TO cure the Nation of the Rot,
And sickly Politicians,
Our Constitution growing hot
We wanted new Physicians.
BOB took the Hint, stood by and saw
A Nation in Convulsion,
Saw on his side Mob, Quee-n and Law,
And all things but Compulsion.
He laugh'd in's Sleeve, as who shou'd say
Damn'd Fools that can't espy all,
Go break your Necks, and win the day,
Then boast your Doctor's Tryal.
But how unhappy 'tis of late
That all our wisest Friends,
Of Sword and Gown, shou'd lose by Fate,
Whate'er they gain their Ends.
Wise Management goes something cross
in *Westminster* and *Spain*,
We conquer still, but are at loss
To find what 'tis we gain.
We've beat the *French*, rang Bells like mad,
And fought away our Senses,
And yet the cunning tough old Dad
Finds ev'ry Year new Fences.
So Dogs turn Spits, and Squirrels climb
Their Cages, not the higher;
Nay make the Bells ring all the time,
And yet they'r ne'er the nigher.
Why don't we then wear Fools Caps still,
And waste more Blood and Treasures?
We thank the Whigs for their Good-will,
And *BOB* for better Measures.
'Tis true, if our Allies wou'd List
Our *Whigs* turn'd out of Places,
Then with full Quota's, so long miss'd,
They much might alter Cases.
But as it is, we've made such use
Of Towns, and Battles won,
That e're the Vanquish'd need a Truce,
The Victors are undone.
Witness our Gen-al, tho', 'tis said,
His Temper's something sparing,
Who whilst his Soldiers eat good Bread,
Himself liv'd on the Paring.
'Twas high time then for *Prior* to pass
In search of *Peace* the Main,
That *Britain*, loaded like an Ass,
At last might share the Gain.
BOB sent the Dove that cross'd the Deep,
New Footing to explore,
And back to Beasts, and Things that creep,
The Olive Branch he bore.
Cease then, poor *Whigs* to use your Tools,
The *Dutch*, *Charles*, and *Hanover*;
No more of War, till we grow Fools,
E'en tho' *Eugene*'s come over.

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